

TOC H JOURNAL



AUGUST
MCMXLI

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THREEPENCE

This NOTICE hangs in TOC H SERVICES CLUBS

TOC H SERVICES CLUB

This is a Club, not only a Canteen although one is always open. So use it like your own home and help look after it. Toc H stands for Friendship and Service. We hope you will find this a cheerful place where people help each other.

Toc H is a family whose members believe that the Christian faith is meant to be lived all the week, not just preached on Sunday. They don't claim to be good. They claim only to be triers.

Talbot House (T H pronounced Toc H) was a soldiers' club, 1915-1918, at Poperinghe in Flanders. Now Toc H is round the world. Wherever you meet it, greet it and expect to be welcomed.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW MORE ABOUT
TOC H, ASK THE WARDEN OR ONE
OF THE TOC H VOLUNTEERS WHO
SERVES YOU HERE.



*The Lamp of Maintenance
The Symbol of Toc H*

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TOC H JOURNAL

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FOR NEW FRIENDS ONLY

Times Past

FEW things go out of date as quickly as wars. Each new war blots out the previous one. As a result the stories about earlier wars are "as dead as Queen Anne." Nevertheless, the effects of past wars persist. Many are evil, some are good. Many lives are being saved to-day as a result of medical discoveries made during the last war. Out of the Crimean War through Florence Nightingale and her colleagues came the Red Cross Society; out of the South African War, through the late Lord Baden-Powell, the Scout movement emerged; out of the work of the Reverend P. B. Clayton (Tubby) in Poperinghe during the war of 1914 to 1918 Toc H was born.

Those who are interested can read the story of the early days of Toc H in *Tales of Talbot House* which was written by Tubby. The full story of the years between then and now has yet to be written. It is a fascinating one. Tubby had vision and drive together with great love for God and man, but Toc H would never have taken root had it not been for the work of its first Administrator Peter Monie (now the Reverend P. Monie of Old St. Paul's Church, Edinburgh). Tubby dreamed dreams and stirred the imagination of thousands; Peter created a disciplined movement.

The Present

In 1939 groups of members were to be found in 30 Houses and over 1,500 units throughout the British Empire and in other places, such as South America, China, Belgium, France and Holland. These were led by a full-time staff consisting of 22 Padres of varying denominations and 26 Laymen.

Since the war started large numbers of people have met Toc H for the first time. They are puzzled by the name; they are hazy

about its purpose. The name is Signallers' jargon used when referring to the first Talbot House in Poperinghe. There is nothing new either about the purpose of Toc H or its method. Both go back to the earliest days of Christianity. Its message is that Christianity is true and practical. Its method is to bring men of all types and classes together in the work of trying it out in daily life. This involves thinking together and serving the needy as though they were indeed members of one family. Thus through Toc H the lonely find that they belong; the needy that someone cares and the handicapped that there are those who are ready to toil in order that their handicaps may be reduced. By thinking and working together members find friendship and understanding, they discover that the things that bind men together are deeper and more lasting than the things that separate them. Toc H is not a movement of pious people but of joyous troubadours.

Service in Wartime

War does not change the purpose of Toc H, it merely provides fresh avenues of service. Now as in days of peace Toc H men are serving in Leper colonies seeking to bring hope and joy into the lives of those unfortunates. Now as before the war members are giving themselves to the service of youth, of the aged and of the despised. In addition the same spirit has expressed itself in work for the men of the services. Over 300 Toc H Houses and clubs have been started for service men. Most of them, of course, are in this country. There are several Toc H Houses in Africa, Australia, Canada, Malta, Alexandria and Cairo. The work is constantly expanding and must expand with each change of the war situation. Each of these centres seeks to become a home in which friendship can be found.

Toc H faces the Future

These are days in which fear is rampant : Toc H exists to spread understanding and to conquer hate. This is the age of the machine : Toc H exists to promote right relationship and so to emphasise that man is more than a cog in a machine. This is an age of mass emotion : Toc H exists to help men to think and act for themselves, to listen humbly to every man's story with a desire that the truth should prevail. This is an age of lesser faiths; faith in the inevitability of human progress, in the nation-state, in communism and in secular democracy : Toc H stands for the good news of Christ about God and man. It believes that God made the world a beautiful place in order that it might become a beautiful home. It believes that the world will only work in God's way which has been made clear in the Life and Teaching of Jesus.

This war will end and those who are left will have to face the task of rebuilding the world. Cynics have said that Christianity is

not practical politics. The world, ready to avoid the challenge of Christianity, has eagerly accepted this as a truism. This civilisation has been created by these practical men who have gloried in their power to keep religion in its place. If you seek their monuments, look around you. Toc H has faith in men and in the future. It believes that the cry of the hungry and of the oppressed is more terrifying than the sound of marching armies. It believes that every man is his brother's keeper.

During the war we invite men of goodwill to join us in preparing for peace. You may not be able to go with us all the way but *we* will gladly keep company with *you* part of the way. "To conquer hate would be to end the strife of all the ages but for men to know one another is not difficult and it is half the battle." It is also the will of God and so we go forward with courage, gaiety and confidence.

H. L.

THE ELDER BRETHREN

BARR SMITH.—On June 16, at Adelaide, Australia, MARY ISOBEL BARR SMITH, C.B.E., wife of Tom Barr Smith, one of the first and best friends of Toc H South Australia.

CHIDGEY.—In June, H. T. A. CHIDGEY, a member of Buckhurst Hill Branch. Elected 17.5.'29.

DENYER.—Killed on active service, ROBERT GORDON DENYER, Sergt.-Pilot, R.A.F., aged 19.

DOUGAN.—Lost by enemy action at sea on May 28, HUGH DOUGAN, a member of Greenock Branch. Elected 6.2.'40.

GLADSTONE.—On July 23, MAUD ERNESTINE, Lady GLADSTONE OF HAWARDEN, who gave

Gladstone House, Liverpool, to Toc H and endowed its Chaplaincy.

PEDDLE.—On June 29, JOHN PEDDLE, aged 81, a member of Uxbridge Branch. Elected 1.2.'30.

SANDERS.—On July 3, A. W. S. SANDERS, a member of Combe Martin Branch. Elected 19.10.'38.

SMITH.—Accidentally drowned in July, LESLIE NORMAN SMITH, Sergt., R.A.F., a member of Kettering Branch. Elected 12.12.'37.

WATSON.—On April 18, Lt.-Col. HAROLD FARRELL WATSON, of Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia.

The World Chain of Light

It is proposed to hold the World Chain of Light as usual this year on December 11, the anniversary of the opening of Talbot House in Poperinghe on December 11, 1915. As members know, this means that Branches and Groups everywhere, if they so desire, will hold the Ceremony of Light at 9 p.m. *by their own time*, and this has the effect of forging a continuous chain of light round the world, a symbol of our Family unity and common purpose. It is hoped that the Chain this year will start from Talbot House in Iceland. Further details will be given later.



THE HARVEST OF 1941 IN A STORMY WORLD

(Photo: E. S. Tompkins)

AROUND THE MAP

For Gallantry

Congratulations on the award of the George Medal to Brian Richards, General Member, lately a member of Winchmore Hill Branch. He was engaged on the dangerous work of bomb disposal. The notice in the *London Gazette* of July 8, reads:—

Second Lieut. (Acting Lieut.) BRIAN LEOLIN RICHARDS, R.E. Lieut. Richards displayed conspicuous gallantry in carrying out hazardous duties in a very brave manner.

Keeping Touch

Some members when travelling make contact with Toc H wherever they can, but this letter from a member on active service, a Staff-Sergt. in the Royal Artillery at present

stationed at Dover, surely sets up something of a record:—

"I'm afraid I rather misled you when I said I was out of touch: actually I meant as a working member. Since *Shoeburyness* I visited *Dolgellau*—that was in 1939. Then *Mark I*, B.E.F., at *Lille* knew me. It was fine fun making ham rolls for the hungry hordes, who thoroughly enjoyed the homely atmosphere and an English cup of tea. I was present, too, when a Lt.-Colonel of the Lincoln Regt. was made a member of Toc H. I passed through *Pop.* on May 28th-29th. The Old House was then still burning, and we could not stay.

"Home once again, I visited *Worksop*, where the Padre and Pilot ably assisted by L.W.H., were hard at work; thence to *Maidstone*—a nice crowd, *West Malling*, *Rochester*; then to *Mere*, now unfortunately defunct.

"I visited *Greene* at *Plymouth*, where I became an efficient dishwasher and 'Nippy'—that was before the raids; to *Castle Cary*, where the mem-

bers were resting after real hard work in helping the troops, *Trowbridge*, where the Toc H canteen was known far and wide to both sexes; again to *Plymouth*, where I met Tubby passing on his way to Cornwall.

Now again to *Kent*, where I'm hoping to be able to do some useful work. One fellow in this unit was once very interested and seeing the JOURNALS has rekindled the flame in him again." (He goes on to give news of old Toc H friends in Calafraña Group, Malta).

Iceland Again

Iceland mails, writes Alec Churcher, have had a bad patch and news to and fro is rather scanty. From a letter he wrote on May 23 we quote some scraps:—

"The House (in Reykjavik) still flourishes greatly, and numbers increase and increase. We now have a Debating Society, a Play-reading Society, a Musical Society and a Sketching Club. The 'Britain after the War' series goes well, though there have had to be some changes in the programme owing to speakers moving away or going on leave. The Navy Guest Night on April 22, at which the Admiral spoke" (his speech was quoted in last month's JOURNAL), "was a great success, and the General is coming to a special Army Guest Night next Tuesday. We propose to run an Air Force night in June. . . The Chapel is really lovely and we now have Anglican Celebrations weekly and Free Church ones fortnightly. It is always open, and is available for private use for anyone wanting peace and quiet. . . The Battle of the Atlantic is very much at our doors, and, if only Toc H had unlimited money and staff, there is a vast job waiting to be done in connection with it. I dream sometimes of a hostel here for shipwrecked men, whose plight at present makes my heart ache for them. . ."

Concerning the Chapel Alec wrote in a previous letter, some time ago:—

"You will have heard of our scheme . . . to convert the long low loft into a chapel. Plans for it have now been finished and approved by Dick Craig" (late Area Padre, West Midlands, now a Chaplain to the Forces in Iceland and a great source of strength to Toc H there), "and the R.E. show signs of providing the material and doing the work for us. The plans were drawn up by a Lance-Corporal who was a lecturer in architecture at Sheffield University. It should be unusual and attractive. . ."

'Light'

A sailor who has come to know a Toc H Services Club writes to it from sea:—

"Some day I will come back to the old place and try to recapture what for me is now lost—the atmosphere of friendship and homeliness, which I am sad to say I only find among certain sections of my own community. That is why I have always a moment for such people as the Toc H canteen can muster. The reason I thought of

writing was the fact that one of my messmates has just lit the mess-deck lamp, and I suddenly thought of the other Lamp I knew. So I have a simple every-night action to remind me of former days among you people."

'Quatorze Juillet'

'Quatorze Juillet,' the anniversary of the Fall of the Bastille on July 14, 1789, is kept with music, feasting and dancing in every French village in normal times—it is the great National Fête. These last two years it has been a sad day for Frenchmen at home and abroad. Last year over 100 Free Frenchmen kept the feast at a lunch-party in St. Stephen's Club. This July 14 was a quieter but no less good time at the Club, which invited twenty French soldiers and sailors, who frequent the place daily and are old friends, to dine in the evening. It isn't easy to produce a French dinner in an English kitchen under rationing, but a creditable imitation was contrived. The guests could not but remember their families, from which they are quite cut off, and their comrades fallen in Africa and Syria in the cause of liberty, but they spent a truly happy evening after all. It came to the ears of Admiral Muselier, commanding the Free French Naval Forces, and next day he sent us a note:—

J'ai appris la délicate pensée que vous avez eue d'inviter un certain nombre de marins et de soldats français au banquet que vous aviez organisé en honneur du 14 Juillet.

Je tiens à vous dire combien nous avons tous été touché de cette geste d'amitié et je vous en exprime ma profonde reconnaissance.

We don't usually print bouquets (of which our Service Clubs receive a good many) but think readers may care to try their French!

Wanted

A Branch in Western London is helping a colony of 400 refugees from Gibraltar and Malta in their midst. These fellow-citizens of ours, doing what they can to help and entertain themselves, are forming an orchestra of their own. For this they need a Mandoline, Guitar, Flute and Cornet to help them to sing their own songs in a strange land. Any offers of these instruments will be gratefully received by Padre D. H. Peterken at Toc H Headquarters.

HOUSE AND HOME

OF all problems which the War has brought, one that is most widely spread in England and touches us most nearly, is the dual problem of house accommodation and home life. This is not simply a matter of national policy or post-war reconstruction, but one that is vitally and personally affecting almost every member of the community, one way or another, and demanding the most careful and insistent attention from members of the Family of Toc H. The following article does not profess to be a systematic treatment of the problem, but simply a few, I fear rather obvious, notes, points about which we ought to be thinking at the present time, and which we might well perhaps discuss both inside our meetings and outside them.

Families broken up

The housing problem existed long before the War, but it has been seriously modified as a result of the War in three ways. Firstly, evacuation broke up a very large number of homes and families into small and often oddly divided parts. Mother might be in the North of England, the children in the West and the Father in London, and apart from the strain upon personal family relationships which this introduced, there was the practical financial problem of keeping at least two houses going, some may have had to surrender what had been the family home and live in lodgings difficult to obtain, frequently unsuitable and sometimes with people who were not very congenial to one's own tastes and *vice versa*.

Houses destroyed

Secondly, the coming of the 'blitzkrieg' with its damage by fire and high explosive, has caused in some parts a tremendous destruction of homes and houses and of personal property. This leads naturally to an uprooting of life which has also its moral implications, because when people are forcibly set free from the ties of place and property, they are very largely dug up from their traditions. When we read, for example, that something of purely sentimental value has

been lost, we know that that particular piece of lost property had long associations with the past of the owner, helping him to keep contact with the ideals and aspirations and hopes of his past days. Now that in so many cases all property has disappeared, and people are frequently compelled by sheer necessity to leave the street and the neighbours that they knew and begin life afresh, there is more than a likelihood that many of the restraints, many of the ideals, which control their lives will be removed. Being set free unexpectedly from the responsibilities of a home tends to unsettle their sense of responsibility for the community and possibly also for their own characters. That is the sort of problem which we in Toc H should be facing. We ought surely be trying to understand how far these things are operating, or have operated, in our own community. We must surely try to help these people to re-establish their contact with the unchanging realities of life which lie "behind the ebb and flow of things temporal."

Wanted—Friendship

The life of the family, that intimate and sometimes irksome contact between personalities born of one flesh, which with all its difficulty is perhaps the greatest force in the formation of character, is one of the great manifestations of the will of God for men. God Himself was born into a family, and He wills that family life shall continue in His Kingdom. Any force, therefore, in our civilisation which tends to break down or to destroy right family life, or which tends to unsettle and minimise the mutual obligations and responsibilities of members of a family, is a force operating against God, and therefore against the better life of the community. There must be at the present time thousands of people, husbands, wives, children, who are feeling the strain of the separation and un-settlement due to evacuation and to aerial warfare. We have deep cause for thankfulness that the State is doing what it can to meet this new need, and that those who are opera-

ting the machinery of State, the Welfare Officers, the Evacuation Officers, and many others, are doing all they can to establish and keep personal human contact with the people for whom they are responsible, but there is no limit to the need for such work. In times of such personal crisis, whether it be bereavement or separation, the individual feels the need for personal friendship on a scale beyond our imagining, unless we ourselves have experienced it. This friendship we must do our best to give in whatever way we can find.

Evacuees and Hosts

Thirdly, there is the other side of the evacuation problem. Not only are families separated and broken up, but in the reception areas a host of new problems arise from the fact that existing families have to receive into their own intimate fellowship strangers who come from entirely different surroundings, often with very different temperaments and training. How far have we been able to ease this problem of overcrowding? It would be well worth while knowing in what ways Toc H has been able to serve, not only those evacuated, but also those who have received evacuees, in solving these intimate problems of life in a home. There is not much use here in specifying in detail the type of problems introduced, for they will vary in every locality, and indeed with every household, but two points would seem to stand out where we can assist. One is the lesser question of recreation. Only too often the town-dweller has found himself placed in a rural area where he could obtain little opportunity of amusing himself in an urban fashion, where the villager, not understanding his desires, is frequently unable to help the town-dweller to learn new ways of playing. This is true of the old as well as of the young, and perhaps more so of the old, for they are less adaptable and find friendship less easy, both to give and to accept. Secondly, there is the problem of occupation. Where War industries have sprung up in reception areas, occupation is not so serious a problem, but for the mother who has run a home and is now a lodger in somebody else's, for the older man beyond the age of business, who has been dug up

from his own hobbies and his old cronies, and still wants to pull his weight in the community, and for the adolescent whose schooling has been interrupted and who is far from his older friends, the problem of occupation presses hard and must be met. Here again imagination and initiative are required to discover the need and to find its remedy. In fact it might be of use to have a real pooling of experiences, such as we in Toc H could give from all over the country.

How shall we Build?

There is a third great problem which we have to face. It is properly a problem of the future, but its solution must start at the present, and to it we must devote a considerable amount of attention. After the War is over, there will have to be a tremendous campaign of re-housing, and the question arises now of what sort of houses we shall build, and where they shall be built. Everyone agrees that much of the old housing of England, especially in the industrial areas, is a good riddance. We say that we must have better houses and better planning, but at once we are faced with three questions which are not yet solved: Are we going to work for big blocks of flats with large recreation areas between on the Continental model? Are we to fight for the little man's house with his own garden, occupying a large area, for small houses demanding an infinitely complicated organisation of the social services, but satisfying apparently a deep-seated need for a castle whose doors one can lock, where the 'Missus' can be protected from prying eyes by the growth of a hedge? Again where shall these buildings be? Ought we to try to centralise industry in groups, so as to diminish transport costs and facilitate the use of by-products, and so cause to grow up large centres of industrial housing? Or should we strive for the scattering of industry across the face of what is at present rural England? Such problems are primarily economic, but they are weighty chiefly because they reflect back upon the problems of the family. It is this that is all-important. No considerations of finance, of economic success, or convenience of administration should in the end be

allowed to triumph against the integrity of family life.

Preserving Family Life

There are at present in England many forces working against the unity and integrity of the family. Organisation of mass amusement and the lack of provision for privacy drive the younger members of the family out from the home into the streets and buses, into the cinemas and music-halls, for the younger generation want to live their own life. The increasing tendency to go away to hotels or holiday camps, not only once a year, but as frequently as may be, on week-ends and so forth, tends to break down the contribution that members of a family used once to make to each other's amusements; it brings about a decay in amateur craftsmanship whether of finger or mind, and an increasing reliance upon the listening to, and appreciating of, the recreative powers of a small body of professionals, e.g., the dance band, the music hall turn and the cinema provider. There are other factors also fighting against family life: the declining moral sense of the community and the accepted looseness of sex relationships are the manifestation of deeper trouble. In part they arise from the present economic system which makes it hard for the ordinary individual to marry until some ten

or fifteen years after he is capable of marriage, and even after marriage makes it almost impossible for him to afford to have a large family, or, if he has one, to find a house suitable to live in. The lack of any deep conviction in the nation about the existence of God and the nature of His character tends also to deprive men of any absolute standards of morality. If the character of God is not the standard by which human actions are to be judged, then all social behaviour and obligations become a matter of personal convenience and observance of the letter of the law. It is not uncommon nowadays for people to imagine that they can break the spirit of the law while observing it in the letter and yet not degrade either themselves or those with whom they act.

It is perhaps possible that the picture is not quite so black as I have here painted it. Even in my more depressed moments I can see flashes of light through the gloom, but whether I am right or not is a matter for you to discuss. For it can be established only by the discovery of facts about each neighbourhood, and it can be solved only by a team of men and women resolutely facing these facts on a basis of conviction as to what is right, and then setting out with God to put it right.

M. C. P.

TOC H IN A TROOPSHIP

IT is a truism that most of us have learnt to adapt ourselves quickly and pretty cheerfully to wartime conditions, which touch our lives at one point after another. It would be odd and regrettable if this were not true of Toc H as a whole. In peacetime it sometimes seemed that Toc H was growing cautious and hidebound, too much tied to its *Rules of the Road* and to precedents in the past. Now it is proving again that its spirit is still adventurous and its organisation elastic; it can seize new opportunities and improvise new methods. Here is an instance, so simple and successful that it well deserves record.

Take a temporary community, a body of men who live together, willy nilly, in a very limited space for a few weeks—take a troop-

ship on a voyage round the Cape or out East. A few members of such a community, remembering that they were also members of Toc H, saw their opportunity. They formed a temporary Group on board for the duration of the voyage: its work may endure much longer and be spread far wider, as those touched by it scatter to their various duties in a variety of Service units at their journey's end. The report of this experiment reaches the Editor in letters from Alan Winby, 'Acting Sec.', and 2nd Lieuts. E. W. Saywell (our old friend 'Sago' of Nottingham and London) and Edward Keown. They enclose the 'minutes' of the meetings held, written on the back of the roll of those present, fascinating little sheets of paper which

they feel "ought to be preserved by Headquarters rather than be kept floating about the world." We are grateful for the chance of preserving them.

This is the 'Acting Sec's.' account of how the Group started.

"Reading through some old JOURNALS, given us here when we contacted Toc H, I came across this passage in a letter from 'the Vicar of Pipe Line Parish' (Harry Moss) : '*I really think something should be done to ensure troopships having regular Toc H gatherings aboard, for are there any transport boats which cannot boast of some Toc H men on board?*'

"We aboard one troopship have unwittingly answered this time-mellowed question, and in no mean way. Holding meetings once a week in the privacy of the O.C.'s cabin, we have an average attendance of 32, ten of whom are members. Amongst our members we have three officers, who were jointly responsible for the formation of the Group.

"Some very interesting talks and discussions have taken place. We have discussed such varied questions as 'State Control *versus* Voluntary Aid' and 'Christianity in the Army,' and there have been talks on the history and aims of Toc H for the benefit of our many guests, who really show a keen interest.

"Having a few days ashore, we were not long in contacting Toc H there, and they gave us a grand time. Several of us expected to meet Michael Westropp but, alas! he was away from home, doing some very good work" (In other words they landed at Cape Town, when Michael had already gone up as second-in-command of the Union Defence Force Institutes to East Africa) "It was with regret that we said goodbye, indebted for their hospitality and enriched with pleasant memories of their friendship, which none of us will ever forget."

The minutes and rolls of attendance which they have sent home cover meetings on March 25, April 1, 8, 15, 29 and May 5. The members present came from Worthing, Birkenhead, Eccles, Nottingham, Birmingham, Deganwy (N. Wales) and the Western Area, the visitors from all sorts of places between Windermere and Torquay. Both the Chaplains on board were present—Padre C. B. Jones (a member of Ashton-under-Lyne) and Padre Parker, a non-member: the latter took Family Prayers at the first meeting, while one of the officer-members took 'Light.' At the first meeting the story and aims of Toc H were outlined for the benefit of the guests and it was decided to repeat the experiment. The second meeting was held in the Main Dining Hall.

"For the benefit of non-members Lieuts. Saywell and Keown described different experiences of Toc H and the way it affects a man. The possibility of visiting Toc H ashore was mentioned by Lieut. Saywell and he read a list of units in all the likely places we may find ourselves in. Lieut. Keown offered to arrange a mass descent upon the nearest unit when we go ashore. Padre Jones gave us our first job—that of collecting old novels for use in the ship's hospital, and Lieut. Joyce offered to take charge of the job."

The third meeting was held, "by his kind permission, in the O.C.T.'s cabin" (i.e., the Officer Commanding Troops, the senior officer on board).

"Thirty-one were present, twelve being members, some sitting on the floor, on upturned cigarette ash boxes and the lucky ones on chairs. Lieut. Keown was the host, and Pte. Waddington the speaker. He spoke on a subject which took us back a few thousand miles—'English Social Life.' He drew comparisons between the 19th and 20th centuries, and how such institutions as the Theatre, the School and the Church have progressed or failed . . . As there was plenty of 'meat' for discussion but not enough time, it was decided to continue the subject in a fortnight's time . . ."

At the fourth meeting they seem to have had quite a lively debate on 'State Control *v.* Voluntary Aid.' Then came the fifth and last meeting which, the minutes say "we tried to make our best and something to remember." Lieut. Keown took the chair again and the O.C. Troops was both host and principal speaker.

He "expressed his thanks for being invited and assured us that he would give his practical support to the formation of other similar units in troopships." Another soldier also "expressed his gratitude for the opportunity afforded of finding an oasis in the seamy side of the Army and for the real fellowship displayed which had encouraged him to look more closely for real fellowship which could be found under the seamy side." A subaltern followed, and his remarks "led to some lively discussion."

'Sago' sums up the whole episode of this temporary Group by saying:—

"We consider the effort has been well worth while, and as far as attendance results are concerned we feel that the average weekly figure is as good a record as could be put up by a town of similar population. We are now dispersing to our many jobs, enriched by the spirit of Toc H once again."

All of us must be grateful for news of Toc H at work in a new way. Wherever two or three members are gathered together in the midst of others willing to listen it can be done again and again.

A FRIEND IN NEED

TUBBY tells this tale of times past. It was first printed in the Orkney Herald.

WHO was my first friend in the Royal Navy?

I am not thinking of my boyhood's days; nor of my School, from which a decent lot entered the Navy when the world was young. But I remember very well indeed my first experience of a Naval man helping the Church out of his own good heart. Let me jot down this minor circumstance.

I was a curate, recently ordained, and had been posted at St. Mary's, Portsea, the great big church along the Fratton Road, which everyone calls "Kingston Church" to-day. An ugly crisis suddenly occurred. The hands of the Church clock, high on the tower, rusted together, till they jammed and halted. I think the time they chose was five to seven! Now normally, when things like this occur, there is some fund from which to put them straight. The parish was, however, badly off. The Vicar therefore sent me to consult the steeplejack and get an estimate: my recollection is that the price which he proposed to charge was five and twenty pounds, with built-up staging as the main item in his bill of costs. This seemed grotesque, but was there an alternative?

Meanwhile, the clock became unpopular; for in those far-off days of 1910 the Dockyard men poured down St. Mary's Road to reach the Dockyard by 7 a.m. For several days on end they cursed the clock as they came back at night, for having deceived them on their way to work. From Kingston Church to Dockyard Gates requires not less than fifteen minutes steady walking, so that the church clock gave hundreds of the men a nasty jolt upon their morning route, just when their tempers were most friable.

"No Churchman, but—"

On the third morning of this episode, I stood outside the Vicarage gate, explaining that the church clock was not infallible, when suddenly a C.P.O. came by. He halted, and he heard my conversation. The other men moved on, but the great man stood there and said to me, "You seem to be in trouble. I'm

no Churchman, but I don't mind heights. If you will let me have the key to-night of the church tower I'll bring a mate with me and we will see what we can do to help you." I asked his name. He said "Jack Nightingale."

He called that evening for the church tower key, and said that I should find him in the morning. As I went over early to the church, I heard the sound of hymn-tunes sung aloft. Sixty feet up the tower Jack Nightingale was sitting on a board, swung on a rope, with a half hitch (or something of the kind) round an embattlement, presumably carefully chosen to support him. His mate was leaning over from the top watching his procedure with alert amusement, and singing little hymns to cheer him on. Jack took some tools with him, removed the rust, induced the hands to part, and tested them. His mate then swung him down a little gold leaf—which no doubt had a Naval origin. As a result, when I came out of Church the two conspirators had disappeared; the church clock hands were free and golden in the sun. The Dockyard men, as they came home that evening, scarcely believed their eyes. The steeplejack was naturally distressed at the occurrence.

I still had no address for Nightingale, but ultimately traced him to his home. During the next four years he found his place in Kingston Church as well as in the tower. He was an early member of Toc H, and I remember very well indeed the sheer delight of meeting him again, twenty years later, in a small unit which he himself had founded.

Early Member of Toc H

I jot this story down undecorated, as one more illustration of the way in which the spirit of the Senior Service can help Toc H. By this I do not mean that parsons can rely upon their Church clocks being put straight entirely free of charge by any Naval stranger they encounter; but that the Naval man is normally ready to give his help in a good cause, and that is one main purpose in Toc H. But if we asked Jack Nightingale, I think he would acknowledge that he was rewarded

by the effect produced throughout his life; for when he volunteered, he was "no Churchman." As time went on, he altered his position, not through undue persuasion (C.P.O.'s are not meet subjects for that form of treatment), but through a steady deepening of conviction that the old Gospel is the simple truth. Parsons and Christian workers should treat men, not as sick souls whom they are called to cure, but rather as potential fellow-

servants who would be glad to know what they can do. Most men do very little for the Church, because they can't afford to give subscriptions; and churches seem to ask for nothing else. It is the simple purpose of Toc H to show that there are other ways of service, and to suggest them to the bystander, who may be far more friendly than we think. Most men are Christian in their heart of hearts.

TUBBY.

'BLIGHTY'

A LITTLE HOUSE in Richmond, Surrey, with the name 'Blighty' over the door, spells romance to those who know about it, and the simple word 'home' to a large family of lads. You won't find a plainer case of one man's faith and faithfulness in a true 'Toc H job' anywhere in the world.

Jimmy is an upholsterer by trade, and he used to live in one room which he shared with any homeless lad he could find to help. It was his own idea and he carried it out single-handed. Three years ago some of his friends helped him to open the little house called 'Blighty,' for Jimmy's family had grown beyond bounds. In his own words "our family is now 677 strong, and I am proud to say the lads are doing their duty in all parts of the world. Only 29 up to date have been real failures; some have started off a bit wobbly but with patience have pulled round and found their balance. Several, I am delighted to say, are full members of Toc H—keen and active members, not just drones in the hive." And to all of them Jimmy, a little man in an old hat and with work-scarred hands, is just "Pop."

Before the war Jimmy, with the help of the lads in work, shouldered the full financial responsibility for the house, though one friend helped him greatly by guaranteeing the rent. He worked at his upholstery and all he earned went towards maintaining a home for his lads, otherwise homeless. Upholstery is a luxury trade and with the outbreak of hostilities fewer and fewer jobs came Jimmy's way. But

he was determined to keep the house going and there is not a shadow of doubt that he was right. Many scores of lads in the three Services come home to 'Blighty' when they have a spot of leave, and 'Pop' is still able to welcome many others who stand in need of home and his fatherly inspiration. You only have to see his pride when he brings one along to shake hands with you, and the lad's pride in Jimmy, to be certain that the break-up of the family life of 'Blighty' is unthinkable. A certain number of Toc H friends, calling themselves 'Friends of Blighty,' have rallied round him and undertaken to pay standing charges such as rates, light and heat, leaving Jimmy and the lads themselves to cope with mess-bills and the rest. This still means that many necessary replacements, due to wear and tear, go uncovered—let alone the redecoration which will be needed at the end of the war to welcome the lads home from their service on many fronts.

This is not an appeal to members already heavily committed to supporting the work of Toc H in their own places. But anyone who would like to do a small bit to keep 'Blighty' going can send it to Dallas Ralph at Toc H Headquarters. He will be welcomed as a true 'Friend of Blighty.'

If you want to be sure that the venture is properly run ask Dallas for a copy of the modest accounts. If you want to know what 'Blighty' really means, go and have tea there with Jimmy and the lads. It is a grand place.

B. B.

EVERYMAN'S BOOK

I HAVE just been given a Book, or, rather, a whole library of books inside one cover. In these days when the 'Omnibus' volume of this-and-that is all the fashion, there never was such an Omnibus as this. For these books, bound together, deal with history and with natural history—with history over twenty centuries and natural history from the first stirring of life on the earth. They are a rich mine for the student of folk-lore and archaeology, as well as a story-book for the wisest as for the youngest. They treat of law and crime, and the ways and rewards of virtue. They describe warfare and agriculture and sheep-keeping; they lay down a code of hygiene. They discourse on civics and architecture, on kingship and church-government. They report, so to say "verbatim," many notable speeches and the greatest of all sermons. They record the travail of noble minds in times of national shame and spiritual crisis, in words so terrible and grand that they have set hearts and minds on fire ever since. They include a volume of verse, vigorous and tender, adoring, lamenting, denouncing, triumphant, rejoicing, thanksgiving, which belongs to the front rank of the world's poetry. Attached to it is a play, as argumentative as Bernard Shaw but reaching heights of language he can never touch, which brings God upon the stage; a book of 'wise-cracks'; and (I know not quite why it is there, but I am grateful, all the same) a human love-song of the most sensual loveliness. Between these covers there is a wonderful series of character sketches, some very slight, some 'full-length' biographies, leading up to the supreme Biography of all, very brief but unmatched in its telling, in the words of eyewitnesses. Much argument about it follows and a triumphant confirmation of the grand paradox of that Life. And the whole great Omnibus is closed with a dream, even fuller of fantasy and grandeur than Dante's, and, like his *Paradiso*; perhaps open to the same criticism of *tropo luce*—"too much light" for mortal eyes.

How truly 'inspired' and yet how human a

collection, touching the humblest every whit as much as the wisest! It has, too, its flashes of real humour, too often overlooked. And, seen as a whole, its infinite variety of subject and mood and style make a single unity; its many contradictions, the reflections of one stage after another of men's growing knowledge and unfolding beliefs, are resolved in one greatest aim of all. It is the story of the Search to which mankind was born—the discovery of God. "Our hearts are restless and can find no rest until they find it in Thee." I have just been given a Bible.

First Steps

When I come to reckon them, I have been given, or have acquired, quite a lot of Bibles. Half a century ago there was, first of them all, that pair of little paraphrases in their faded purple bindings, the leaves tattered and stained by sticky, small fingers, called *Line upon Line* and *Peep of Day*. Published in the '60's (my mother's books before me) these pages interspersed with crude woodcuts and jingling hymns, certainly achieved their aim—"to lead children to understand and to delight in the Scriptures."

And then there was, I do not forget, *Ann Louisa's Sunday Book*, a large, flat, red-covered volume in which selections from the Old Testament were faced by coloured lithographs in the boldest hues. Out of its pages Joseph and David came to me as living people, but my secret choice (it was a secret, for I thought my smaller sisters might think it odd) was Psalm 104, with its pictures of a moonrise over the sea, an English cornfield and hippopotami in an African river.

That old-fashioned book sent me, with grand phrases singing in my head, into the beloved Gloucestershire lanes. It was, I fancy, the starting-point of my interpretation of the world about me, the beginning of independent worship, the first conscious step in the Search which does not end.

All the time, mark you, the Bible was not a 'silent friend,' for it is a Book made to be read aloud. It comes to me in many voices—in those days in my mother's and a beloved

nurse's voice, and—in the unforgettable holidays—in the voice, grown solemn for these few minutes, of a Quaker Grandfather before breakfast in the dearest of all country houses. At nightfall he would often open the Book again, but without spoken words. The pages lay before him in the golden circle of light from an oil-lamp on the faded green table-cloth. The old man (he was love, righteousness and truth to us children) sat a long time, his face and white beard half in shadow, seeking in stillness, after the manner of Friends, the 'Inner Light.' Maybe sometimes he slept: sleeping or waking we felt that he was holding the hand of God.

As I look back, then, I see the Bible, in these various forms, filling a familiar and essential place in my childhood; it was no Sunday book but daily food. These details will seem trivial to some readers, perhaps even quite unreal to many nowadays. But in such small things is the truth found and true love founded. They are indelible and have consequences for a lifetime.

The Book changes and grows

Through boyhood the Bible followed, both losing and gaining as knowledge increased. There was the neat Bible my mother gave me to take to school; the print was rather small but I never tired of the smell of its Russia leather binding. There was the grey-cloth *Selections from the Old Testament*, edited by my headmaster with a mass of pompous and tiresome notes we had to answer questions upon—'O.T.' we called it curtly, and it gave me an active distaste for the kings of Israel which tends to linger yet. There was the Bible in the pew, abominably dressed (Sunday schools know it well) in shiny black on which the hot hand sticks and squeaks.

Changes towards the Bible, for the boy or man who chooses any independent thinking, there are bound to be. As adolescence goes out into the wilderness alone, led by strange visions, disturbed by half-realised new powers, old landmarks are no longer accepted without question, simple truths for a time are fallen idols. Each one of us has his own experience of such a period. One day a new light broke for me—I discovered Charles

Darwin. In the first flush there was a battle of the books, in which *The Origin of Species* bowled over *The Book of Genesis* and dealt the whole Bible for me a heavy blow. If the very first chapter was a lie, was not the whole edifice undermined? Many have argued like that about the Bible. This, of course, was a temporary reverse. A limited spell of the sort of argument which is the pitiable stock-in-trade of the Park orator, opened the way to further reading and to endless talks with school friends who were traversing the same dark valley. There came an evening, I still remember, when I stood up and addressed 'The Club'—a queerly assorted little team of schoolboy friends who met in the holidays, night after night for some years, for a good measure of fun and an enormous deal of discussion. I attempted a bold reconciliation between the theory of Evolution, half-baked no doubt in my mind, and the Genesis story of Creation. I am not ready to laugh at this effort even now, for it was born of a passing bitterness and much searching and a great longing to make the best of both worlds. The Bible, changed but actually greatly grown in stature, was coming back. Henceforth I knew that I could, with honesty and peace of mind, keep both the *Origin of Species* and my old 104th Psalm. Darwin, that great and humble searcher, would never ask the renunciation I had feared: Charles Kingsley, amateur scientist and robust Christian, had, more than any other teacher, bridged the gap for me and opened the way anew.

Since then, as to all but the most unfortunate, God has revealed successive fragments of truth, lifting me up and casting me down, giving a glimpse half-gained and half-lost again, only in rarest, unspeakable moments clear; revelations in the world of Nature, the realms of Art, the unending commerce with other men's hearts and minds, beauties too rich and many-faceted to be told. And central to them all, containing and explaining them all, I find—almost with surprise—the Bible. It is the best of all histories of the Search for God, my search and yours, our grandest incentive for it, our wisest counsellor, our unbreakable staff for the long journey.

* * * *

Do we read the Bible?

The Bible is the most widespread of all the world's sacred books. It has been translated into far more languages than any other book whatsoever. It is still, by proven figures, the world's 'best seller.' And somebody, after canvassing his business acquaintance in the City of London, wrote a few nights ago in the evening paper that 90 per cent. admitted freely that they never opened the Book at all. That may or, more likely, may not represent the general situation in this Year of Grace. Whatever the percentage be, it is pretty certain that the old-fashioned reading of the Scriptures by ordinary folk (*e.g.*, the membership of Toc H) has greatly declined since our grandfathers' time. It may be still declining—though the remarkable, and growing membership, for instance, of the Bible Reading Fellowship, proves that it is in no danger of becoming a lost art and habit. I confess that, for myself, I open a Bible fairly often for this or that purpose but am a most irregular reader: the confession has no point or interest but for the fact that many of you, my readers, share the same lapse and we might now stand together in an attempt to do better.

Reading aloud

Two questions. First, why *don't* we know and enjoy the Bible? There are plenty of reasons we can scrape together. Most of the fault is doubtless ours. Some of the fault is in the way the Bible is presented to us (I speak as a layman and, as St. Paul would say, "as a fool"). Chopped into fragments, out of context, prefaced by no sort of explanation and doled out to us from a shiny brass lectern inaudibly, or in a tone of voice no really human being ought to use about anything, the Bible reaches our ears not as the living Word and the Good News, but as words gone stone cold, news incomparably less rousing than the 9 o'clock bad news of the B.B.C. The Bible is a book meant to be read aloud; our grand Authorised Version is thus "appointed to be read in churches." But, with notable exceptions, the art of reading it aloud needs to be studied and learnt afresh. This, I maintain, is urgent.

A Matter of Dress

Then, its printed form is not at all unimportant. The Bible is a book and must take its place alongside other books in our shelves; thus it is challenged by them and, by every right, should outshine them all. Commonly we endow it with every handicap of dress. It is apt to reach us printed in small, outmoded type, in narrow and crowded double column, often further complicated by two narrower columns to contain cross-references that we don't want or use; we must bear with an ancient division into chapters which is sometimes arbitrary and ill-conceived, and with a further sub-division into numbered verses, no doubt historic but certainly hindering to the flow and sweep of the great whole. And having thus crowded and shackled the message, we clap it between covers we reserve only for Holy Scripture or the Book of Common Prayer, nearly always a gloomy black, smug in their sleekness, or repulsive in their shining oiliness. What other book do we maltreat as we commonly do the Bible? Not even the most ephemeral, which, indeed, are often beautiful to look upon and handle. "Ah," some will say, "but the Bible is different." That ought surely not to mean that it should appear worse to the eye and hand. This is an age which devours books greedily, which enjoys 'nice' books and is accustomed to a high all-round standard of paper, print and binding. It deserves to receive the Bible, above all other books, in the most beautiful and most intelligible form that can be contrived.

Learning to read

But there is a deeper reason why so many moderns don't read the Bible. They have not been gradually led, as many of us Victorians were led from the first days we can remember, into its green pastures and up to its high mountains. To their unaccustomed and prejudiced eyes the Bible looks difficult. And it *is* very difficult—how could an Omnibus of all human experience of the Divine be otherwise? Years ago I remember how Donald Hankey (I lived with him then; he was killed on the Somme in '16) said one

day to me in his vehement way, "Thank God I've choked the Rector off giving Jack a Bible." (Jack was a Bermondsey boy, about to emigrate to Australia). "Why?", I asked, a little taken aback. "Because," he said, "it's a most dangerous thing to do—I've found that out. A boy starts reading the Bible at page 1, because he's been told he ought to read it, and before long he gets tied up in Adam's family tree—Methusaleh and all that. And he gets bored and starts looking for the smutty stories in the Old Testament. And then he puts it away and never gets to the Good News at all. He has to be taught first *how* to read it."

Many Editions

And so to the second question—how shall we read the Bible? Many of us have tried it in many forms—the Authorised Version and the Revised; the *Modern Reader's Bible*, perhaps, with the order of books all scientifically rearranged and lots of introductions and notes; new translations like Weymouth or Moffat, or the latest in 'Basic' English; or selections like the *Cambridge Shorter Bible* or Dean Inge's *Anthology of the Bible*. For most of us the Authorised Version, in all its majesty and prestige, stands and cannot be superseded. The new translations help us mainly to interpret the Authorised; we are grateful but not affectionate towards them. The selections suffer the fate of all anthologies—only more so; they reflect too much the taste of one man, not our own. The heavily annotated editions are all right for 'getting up' a Sunday school lesson, but frankly indigestible. What shall our ideal edition of the Bible be?

A New Edition

Is it too much to say that the edition all of us plain men need—not being specialists or scholars, but just men out on a Search—has arrived at last? It is called *The Bible for To-day*. It was after I had set pen to paper that I received a note from Tubby, which says "But what a Bible! Go all out for it, and

make the men get hold of it somehow, pawning their shirts." I needed no such urging. Get hold of it—hold of the handsome book in your hand, hold of what is in it in your mind. The shirt may come into play, for so much quantity and quality cannot, especially in war-time, be made cheap.*

The way it 'works'

I will note some points which please me and all those members to whom I have shown it. First, the externals—the Oxford blue buckram binding is just right in its strong simplicity, the type is fine and clear, the paper adequate, the 'lay-out' of the pages beautiful; it is a heavy book but good to handle. And then the arrangement, the chief task of John Stirling's editorship. First, the full text of the Authorised Version is here, without change or omission—and that is of prime importance; and the Books of the Bible stand in their time-honoured order. Chapter and verse are shown at the top of the page and the start of each section, but the verses are not numbered but printed in paragraphs, short or long according to the sense of the passage—as every other readable book treats language. The *Psalms* look like the noble book of verse which they are; the *Song of Songs* ('The Songs that Love sings are sacred' is the subtitle) is treated as "an anthology of love lyrics"; *Job* is a drama in narrative and direct speech, such as you could put upon the stage. These ways of printing the Bible do not claim originality, they have been so done in other editions. What is new is, first, the system of 'cross-headings' to the paragraphs, often three or four on a page—"With the Refugees" or "Tell the People the Truth" or "Where Jesus is not wanted": you know at once the point of what you are going to read. These headings, with the larger ones which mark sections (in effect new chapters, often cutting across the traditional chapter division) and with the addition of short italic introductions in the living, simple language used by everyman, are built up into a single structure. They provide a sort of scaffolding

**The Bible for To-day*. Edited by John Stirling. Oxford University Press. 1255 pp., with 200 illustrations. 21s.; India Paper, 30s.; Edition de Luxe, 42s.



To a new generation God hands on His Cause, when the old generation proves itself unworthy or unwilling to pursue it

AN ILLUSTRATION FROM THE BOOK OF NUMBERS

which does not obscure the Bible, but on which, so to speak, you can climb about the immense building from storey to storey, from pinnacle to pinnacle and across the difficult places to the grand view of God and man which is its reward.

This, then, is the way this Bible 'works.' The effect of it is to give us a point of view about it which will be new and welcome to many. To quote the preface:—

Instead of starting, as is the custom when reading the Bible, with the message itself—that is, taking its words and studying them closely and critically for their meaning—the picture-setting or background of the message is brought into view, but in a new way. Hitherto the Bible message has been studied in its local colour, for the features that are distinctive of Bible lands and peculiar to Bible times. But, surely, the significance of the setting of the Divine Revelation lies not so much in that which is exceptional and incidental as in that which is common or universal; in those things which are characteristic of human existence at all times and in all places. This is our point of view: that the backgrounds of the Bible are the common backgrounds of our life.

A New Division

In two ways this edition carries this idea immediately to the eye and mind of the

reader. First by the division of the whole Bible, not into Old and New Testaments, but into five great sections, representing the stages by which God has progressively revealed Himself to man. First there is '*The Holy Land*'—from Genesis ('Every Place is Hallowed Ground'), through Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, Deuteronomy, Joshua ('The Pattern of a Homeland') and Judges to Ruth ('A Homeland Idyll'). The second stage is '*The Holy City*'—from Samuel I ('The Sacred Story of Little Towns'), Samuel II ('A new Plan for Cities'), Kings I ('Cities in the making') to Kings II ('The Struggle of Cities'). This leads on to the third stage, '*The Holy Temple*', from Chronicles I to Esther. Then follow *Some Holy Books*—Job, Psalms, Proverbs, Ecclesiastes ('An Essay in Autobiography') and the Books of the Prophets. In these last the message for our own period of problems leaps out to meet us—Isaiah's 'News of God for times of Crisis,' Ezekiel's 'Visions for a Changing World'; Hosea brings 'News of God from a broken Home,' in Joel 'God remembers the Distressed Areas,' Jonah expresses the

'Point of View of a Nationalist,' and Malachi closes with 'Love's Last Word in the Old Testament.' Then comes the final section, the fulfilment of all that has gone before, the full Stature of '*The Holy Man*' against the background of pasture and ploughland, of building home and temple, of struggle and singing and growing which lies in the pages past. We have been told so often before in text books and sermons, often rather dully, about this progressive revelation in the Bible: we have never seen it so plain as here.

The Service of Pictures

The other way in which this edition drives home the splendid fact that the message is for our own time is by pictures. That was the method of Our Lord, who knew men, in His parables, pictures brightly coloured and what modern journalism appraises as 'snappy.' The medieval Church used the method to teach people, illiterate or in a hurry, the story of the Gospels and the central truths of religion. A small boy, meeting you in the streets of Padua in the fifteenth century, would be quite likely to use the identical phrase of the small boy to-night in Leeds or London—"I'm going to the pictures," meaning Giotto's paintings of the Gospel story all over the walls of the Arena Chapel, the liveliest picture-book in Christendom. The Puritan spirit, with its distrust of the pictorial, the dramatic, the 'colourful' instincts of men, the beauty which delights the eyes, warms the heart and may open heaven to a hungry soul, has done much to rob us of the Divine means of pictures. In all other departments of life people live on pictures now; they demand them in their newspapers, for pictures spread news far quicker than columns of print, in their homes, in the cinema, continually changing. You can't sell goods or make people stop to listen to your message nowadays without pictures. And in this *Bible for To-day* Rowland Hilder and his fellow artists have done a really first-rate service. These pen drawings in themselves are sterling workmanship, many are of great, some of quite arresting, beauty. And they bring the Bible to where we live and strive, and to the

places for which we long and hope. Open Genesis at the scene of a sunlit Sussex barn where men stack the grain, or Exodus at the picture of a modern printing-press, "passing on the revelation to the present age." Look into the nave of Canterbury Cathedral or at the tiny Chapel among our own hills ("there is a house of the Lord in every valley in Wales") when you are reading about the building of the Temple. As Job argues his age-old questions you come upon a broadcaster at the microphone ("Does modern thought get nearer to a solution?"); as Isaiah thunders in his day of crisis, so, by way of illustration, do the tanks down an English street in our own. The refugees in camp are here, and the 'blitzed' villages, as well as our own farmsteads under wintry elms and the evening star. When St. Paul speaks of the Christians' warfare, we see the R.A.F. pilot beginning to take off his flying kit to begin "a nobler task for the new world-makers." New York is here and Berlin and Moscow and London River, and a Cathedral a-building and smoky slum-streets and new homes for new men and women. The great dynamos hum and the Cross stands among the sunny Alps, signs of spiritual force for any task, if we would use them so. One picture shows our own Lamp of Maintenance, with the caption: "The Sacred Flame that the youth of the world keeps alight in the Toc H movement of to-day is a tongue of fire from the Lamp that burned day and night in the House of the Lord,"—may that be true for us! Apart from all else, this is a picture-book to stir the mind and will. But the pictures are not apart, they grow in the Bible and help us to apply it to ourselves.

If I have spent too long on my own experience, so 'patchy' and commonplace, of the Bible and on my own feelings about this new edition of it, this is because the Bible must be for every one of us a personal matter, to be possessed or passed by as we choose. But I exhort you, whoever you may be, to take this *Bible for To-day* in your hands. I think it will go further than that with you. I think it will prove to some men to be an event in their lives.

BARCLAY BARON.

TOC H PUBLICATIONS

All communications regarding publications should be sent to Headquarters, Toc H,
47, Francis Street, London, S.W.1. Postage is extra on all publications unless otherwise stated.

BOOKS

- TALES OF TALBOT HOUSE. By Tabby. 1s.
PLAIN TALES FROM FLANDERS. By Tabby. Longmans, 3s. 6d.
TOC H UNDER WEIGH. By P. W. Monie. New Ed., Limp Linen, 1s.; 10s. per dozen.
BETWEEN TWO OPINIONS. By P. W. Monie. Boards, 1s.
TOWARDS NEW LANDFALLS. By Hubert Secretan. Boards, 1s.
THE SMOKING FURNACE AND THE BURNING LAMP. Edited by Tabby. Longmans, Paper, 2s. 6d.; Cloth, 4s.
A BIRTHDAY BOOK. Twenty-one years of Toc H. Illustrated. 176 pp. Reduced to 1s.
A TREASURY OF PRAYERS AND PRAISES FOR USE IN TOC H (Revised). 9d. each.
POCKETFUL OF PRAYERS. Revised Ed. 1s.
LONDON BELOW BRIDGES. By Hubert Secretan. 3s. 6d.
TOC H INDIA AND BURMA. 6d. each.
ARTIFEX: THE CRAFTSMAN IN Toc H. 6d.
GARDENS OF FLANDERS. Talbot House and the War Cemeteries. Illustrated. 6d.
THE BRIDGE BUILDERS. 1s. post free.
LINKMEN. Parts I and II. 1s. each post free.

PAMPHLETS

- A FEW FACTS FOR NEW FRIENDS. 2 pp. Free. Post free.
A TALK ON TOC H, as broadcast by Ian W. Macdonald. 4 pp. Free. Post free.
TOC H DEFINED. 1d. each; 9d. per dozen.
CONCERNING TOC H. 2d. each; 1s. 6d. per dozen.
1. Talbot House. 16 pp.
2. The Re-Birth. 12 pp.
3. The First Ten Years. 8 pp.
4. The Main Resolution. 12 pp.
5. The Lamp. 16 pp.
6. Fellowship. 12 pp.
7. Thinking Fairly. 12 pp.
"I SERVE." How a man can help boys. 2d.
A HYMN SHEET FOR TOC H SERVICES. 4s. 6d. per 100. Post free.
A SERVICE OF LIGHT AND OF REDEDICATION in TOC H. 9d. per dozen. 4s. per 100.

HANDBOOKS

- BUILDING TOC H. 3d.
THE ROYAL CHARTER OF TOC H. 3d.
THE TOC H PADRE. By H. P. S. 6d.
PILOTS. By A. G. C. 3d.
"JOBS." By G. A. L. 3d.
THE TREASURER IN TOC H. 2d.
DISTRICT TEAMS. By G. A. L. 3d.
TOC H IN THE ROYAL NAVY. 3d.
TOC H IN THE ARMY. 2d.
TOC H IN THE R.A.F. 3d.
OVER THERE. A little guide for Pilgrims to the Old House. 6d.
THE ANNUAL REPORT OF TOC H. April, 1940. Free.
A TALK ABOUT TOC H (to Naval Members). 1d. each.

MUSIC

- THE TOC H SONG BOOK. 135 songs, words and music. 1s.; 10s. per dozen.
NEWCASTLE SONG SHEET (No. 1). 1d. each, 3s. 6d. per 50.
GO FORTH WITH GOD, words and music. 4d. each.

MISCELLANEOUS

- "TOC H ACROSS THE WORLD." Map showing all overseas units. 40 x 25 ins. 2s.
SET OF FIVE CARDS. Suitable for framing: Main Resolution. Objects of the Association. The Toc H Prayer. Initiation to Membership. Ceremony of Light. 6d. per set.
NOTEBOOK for Districts, Branches and Groups. 1s. 3d. per 100 sheets; 5s. 6d. per ream. Postcards 1s. per 100.
HEADED NOTICE FORMS. 1d. each; 6d. per dozen.
IDENTITY DISCS, round, white or coloured printed 'Toc H,' with space for name; safety pin attachment. 2s for 1d.; 100 for 3s. 6d.

BADGES OF MEMBERSHIP

- BUTTONHOLE BADGES. 9d.; 8s. 6d. per dozen to Branch and Group Secretaries.
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